

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. and Eighth av.—*Ugolino*. Matinee at 1 1/2.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth av.—*Daddy O'Dowd*. Matinee at 2.

GERMANIA THEATRE, Fourteenth street, near Third av.—*Marion*.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery—*Jack Harraway*—*Lovers in the Corner*.

THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 64, Broadway—*Drama*, *Bombardier* and *Olivo*. Matinee at 2.

NEW FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, 72nd and 73rd Broadway—*New Year's Eve*. Matinee at 1 1/2—*Allice*.

WOOD'S MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—*Manx Oak*. Afternoon and evening.

ATHENIUM, 555 Broadway—*Grand Variety Entertainment*. Matinee at 2.

MIRRO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston sts.—*Two Scouts of the Plains*. Matinee at 2.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets—*Hurricane*. Matinee at 2.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Union square, between Broadway and Fourth av.—*Cousin Jack*. Matinee at 1 1/2.

WALLACE'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth street—*David Garrick*. Matinee at 1 1/2.

MRS. E. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE—*Ours*.

RYAN'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. corner 6th av.—*Negro Minstrelsy*. Matinee at 2.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery—*Variety Entertainment*. Matinee at 2.

BARON'S GREAT SHOW—*Now open*. Afternoon and night. Rent, 3d and 6th street.

LENT'S CIRCUS, MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE, Fourth av. and 36th st. Afternoon and evening.

ASSOCIATION HALL, 23d and 4th av.—*Afternoon at 2—Brooklyn Academy*.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montague st.—*Grand Concert*.

NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 618 Broadway—*Skeletons and Art*.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Saturday, April 5, 1873.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Owing to the unprecedented quantity of our advertisements advertisers seeking our columns are requested to send in their advertisements early in the day. This course will secure their proper classification and allow us to make timely arrangements for our news. Advertisements intended for our Sunday issue may be sent in not later than nine P. M., either at this office, our only uptown bureau, 1,265 Broadway, or at our Brooklyn branch office, corner of Fulton and Boerum streets. Let advertisers remember that the earlier their advertisements are in the Herald office the better for themselves and for us.

A TON TO THE WHALE.—The proposition to throw into the market a few millions of the fifty million reserve of greenbacks held by the national Treasury.

The Great Crime of the Recent Calamity—Some Lessons from the Loss of the Atlantic.

We publish to-day the statement of the Captain of the unfortunate steamer Atlantic, made in an interview with the Herald correspondent at Halifax. Although by no means full or satisfactory, the story affords, as far as it goes, still further evidence of the criminal neglect or incompetency which led to the terrible catastrophe of last Tuesday morning. Captain Williams pretends that he had a sufficient supply of coal when he left Liverpool, yet he admits that "three days of heavy weather" upset all such calculations and left him without sufficient coal to enable him to reach New York without putting into Halifax. The heavy weather did not, however, delay his vessel, for he had been but eleven days out, and was about two days from New York, when his supply was exhausted; so that the facts flatly contradict his assertion and prove that he could not have had sufficient coal aboard when he left Liverpool. The Captain knows not how to account for the error in reckoning the position of the ship, except on the ground that the current had a stronger northerly set than he imagined, and so carried him out of his course. He admits that he was not on deck, but was "in the chart room," when the vessel struck. The lead lines and anchors were, he says, but the leads had not been used because they were not approaching a low, sandy shore; besides, he did not think it necessary, because the night, though overcast, was clear, and he knew that Sambro light should be seen from fifteen to twenty miles. So, although he did not see the light, and although, if his own reckoning had been correct, he must, at three o'clock in the morning, have been within eighteen miles of Sambro Island, his vessel was kept steaming on at full headway until she struck the fatal rock. There can be no further doubt of the criminal neglect through which the calamity occurred. But when we compare other stories with the Captain's statement, when we find that Quartermaster Thomas, when he cautioned the officer in charge of the deck that he should not stand in the land so, as the ship had run her distance to make Sambro light, was told that he was not captain or mate, and should mind his own business; when we learn that the second officer ineffectually warned the "reposing" Captain, half an hour before the vessel struck, that the weather was getting thick, the carelessness of the commander and the inefficiency of his subordinate officers appear equal in guilt to wholesale and deliberate murder.

The particulars of this great calamity, now fully before us in all their ghastliness, teach some lessons which a timely word ought to impress upon the public mind. It is no congenial task to pronounce severe judgment upon those who are officially responsible for the loss of the Atlantic's human freight. Whoever they may be they must stand self-crushed and doomed to behold visions more grim and terrible than those of Clarence amid the remorseful memories of last Monday night. But the people should and will know just the circumstances which led to the fatal blunder of Captain Williams, and just how far the responsibility of the calamity rests upon the managers and owners of the vessel he commanded.

Captain Williams left Liverpool at the beginning of the equinoctial and stormy season, when every seaman knows that he has to deal with the most dangerous and treacherous weather. The voyage from Liverpool to New York is, taking the year round, at least one-seventh longer than the return voyage, because the westward bound mariner must not only stem the current of the Gulf Stream, but face the terrific westerly winds which drive the water current eastward. The regular steamship passage from Liverpool to New York is fourteen days, and the return twelve days, and although in propitious gales and streaks of fine weather it has been now and then made in nine days, in March and April it often takes more than the average time. So furious were the gales of last Winter that many sailing vessels, arriving at this port early in April, consumed sixty days from Liverpool—some as high as seventy, and one took ninety odd days. The early Winter winds were so strong that the Britannia was thirty-two days steaming from Glasgow to New York, and the full-powered Cunard steamer Algeria, in one westward trip, consumed over twenty days. The wind and storm charts invariably designate the Atlantic Ocean in March and April as peculiarly perilous and liable to the most disastrous gales of the year. It so happened last year that on the 16th of April, when on her way to New York, the Adriatic, under Captain Murray, made the extraordinary run, from observation to observation, of three hundred and ninety-three miles; but he must have been on the northern side of an Atlantic hurricane, and, indeed, his log shows that on the 18th of April he was overtaken by the most furious northwest gale, which always follows such a storm. But this was a fortnight longer after the equinox than the late Atlantic's trip, and Captain Murray's was, at best, a merely accidental run, counterbalanced by the succeeding northwester which turned on the Adriatic as she neared the American coast. Captain Williams, in his last and ever memorable voyage, so far from making such an extraordinary run, had his speed brought down by heavy westerly and southwesterly gales to one hundred and eighteen miles a day. Every fact shows that, in sending him to sea with ten days' supply of coal, the managers of the White Star line defied the elements of the stormiest ocean of the globe, at the stormiest season, when, in the case of the Algeria and of other steamships, the winds alone, without accident, might have kept the Atlantic, under a full head of steam, for more than twenty days. A more glaring and daring act of negligence—for act it was—cannot be conceived. It is evident, therefore, that the public can have no confidence in such management, and, indeed, can never be safe till it takes such control and inspection of all points connected with the equipment and seaworthiness of a ship, as are now exercised with regard to the boiler and safety-valves of steam-driven vessels. It is hardly saying too much to declare that the steamship, in mid-ocean without coal, is as badly off worse off than without compass, and her fuel as well as her food supply ought to be made a matter of legal regulation.

But not alone should we insist upon the adoption of such provisions as are necessary to avert such marine catastrophes as that of Tuesday morning last. We sorely need, in addition, more suitable equipments after disaster occurs. When the critical moment arrives the lifeboats seem to be utterly useless for the passengers, and before they can be hoisted and cleared all is over. This is often and chiefly due to the absurd fashion of placing the davits so near to each other that the boat must be launched narrow-wise and one end at a time, and after this delay of about ten minutes, and other hitches which inevitably occur in the excitement, comes the fearful scramble of the crew and passengers to embark. It has recently been urged by the *Nautical Magazine*, of England, that this glaring outrage on naval architecture, now so universal, can be easily abated, and the lifeboats so arranged in their chocks that they need no hoisting and can be gotten over the ship's side as quickly as a bale of cotton or any part of the cargo is discharged in unloading. "How immeasurably little," strikingly remarks the above paper, "a drowning man must feel who remembers that the lifting of a mere bale of cotton in the world he is leaving is more studied than the lifting out of a boat." Such matters are little considered by steamship companies, but the public ought to demand security and take the supervision and direction of them into their own hands and see that they are properly cared for by their own and not the companies' officers. We earnestly trust that the present movement now going on in the British Parliament, and led by Mr. Eliot, may have full and wide scope and redeem nautical legislation from its present deep disgrace. We need similar legislation here for the protection of the many thousands who so constantly go down to the sea and are exposed to its perils.

In the case of the Atlantic, in addition to the faults we have named above, which are common to all vessels, it appears that the boats of the ill-fated steamer were not in a condition for immediate use, so that they would have been unavailable even if they could have been readily loosed and launched. Quartermaster Raylance, in his statement, says that while they were engaged in getting one of the boats clear he found that the plugs were not in her, and as the passengers had by that time crowded in and lay "huddled together in the bottom, crying," they could not get the plugs in. This is only one of the many confirmatory proofs of the want of discipline and authority that prevailed on the unfortunate vessel. There appears to have been no officer on board capable of inspiring the bewildered passengers with presence of mind or of compelling order and obedience on the part of the crew. The poor souls rushed into the boats and obstructed the only work by which a portion of them at least might have been saved. The Quartermaster unwittingly bears testimony as to this fact, and his account of what followed bears heavily upon the courage and efficiency of Captain Williams. As soon as it was found that the boats could not be used the Captain, he says, "passed the order around for every one to look after himself," and, following his own advice, he proceeded to provide for his own safety. There was no further thought for the women and children—no further caring for the lives of the passengers. Self-preservation was the Captain's first law, and he obeyed that law faithfully in his own person. There have been instances in which great calamities at sea have been the occasion of developing qualities in commanders noble enough to atone, in a measure, for carelessness or errors of judgment. Actions have been performed in the moment of deadly peril which have called forth the admiration of the world. Captain Luce went down with his boat. The pilot of the Erie and the wheelman of the Griffith, on Lake Erie, take rank among the world's heroes. The conduct of the captain of the Metis is still fresh in the memory of our people. But Captain Williams will be known in history only as the commander who left a thousand dependent human beings to their fate, with the cry of "Save qui peut!" as the man who, more careful of his own life than of the lives of others, left the vessel he had wrecked and got ashore among the earliest of the rescued, while hundreds of his passengers still clung to the rigging and prayed vainly for deliverance.

Marshal Bazaine.

The London Times, following the example of the Herald, has taken to interviewing the prominent men of the day. We print this morning one of its efforts in this direction. A Times correspondent sought and found Marshal Bazaine in his temporary prison house at Versailles. The Marshal was not unwilling to be interviewed. With much cordiality he received the representative of the press, and, with a reasonable amount of freedom of speech, he answered the questions put to him. The statements made by the Marshal will be read with all the more interest now that the government has received the report of the Committee on Capitulations and has decided to proceed with his trial. Bazaine makes out a good case for himself. It remains to be seen what is the evidence in the possession of the government. From the statements of the Marshal himself it is difficult to come to any other conclusion than that the trial will break down. Unwilling to prejudice the case, we commend to the careful consideration of our readers the Marshal's own view of it. His was certainly a most difficult position. He may have erred in judgment, but it is difficult to believe that he played the part of a traitor.

THE WASHINGTON MARKET JOB.—Every taxpayer in New York is interested to know if there is a plot to give the valuable ground cumbered by the dilapidated Washington Market structure to a "ring" of greedy speculators for a merely nominal price. Every owner of real estate in the lower part of the city has special reasons to inquire whether the ancient eyecore and prolific source of stench is to remain breeding discomfort and disease, or is to be replaced by a proper public market worthy of New York, or whether the ground is to pass into other uses more likely to enhance the value of adjacent premises. If the locality is still to be used for market purposes there is no reason why the city should fail to receive its fair value on purchase or rental, and if by any trick this is defeated the authors of the cheat will be held to a strict accountability.

Thoughts on the Approaching Doom of Hoboken.

If, at the approaching charter election, the citizens of Hoboken agree with the citizens of Jersey City that union is best for them, then shall we know that thenceforth Hoboken shall be no more. It is perhaps as well that Jersey City should attempt to be something, and the miserable condition of Hoboken suggests that anything will be an improvement on its present situation. Long has the war been waged and bitter the fight. There was once a millionaire named Stevens, who looked down from Castle Heights upon Hoboken, and Hoboken, as it then was, called him his lord. Under his influence Hoboken began to grow. The children of Teutonia settled upon it, drank beer and prospered. In time Stevens, who had a little influence at Trenton, induced the Legislature to cut off Hoboken's water front on the Hudson River for him, and call it Weehawken, though everybody knew that Weehawken proper was up the river. The Hoboken Land Improvement Company came to be a terror to Hobokenites. The streets could not be opened down to the river, and it was evident that Hoboken must either die of inanition or annex itself. Several times in this session even it attempted at Trenton to force its way down to the North River, but the Land Improvement Company always managed to defeat the scheme. Despair mounted with livid lips upon Hoboken's aspirations, and its representative at Trenton said to himself:—"Jersey City or annihilation." Years ago Hoboken had rejected the embrace of Jersey City. Since then it has rejoiced that it was independent of the city that owned a Burnstead. Now, however, it cries, Better Burnstead, better anything, than enthusiasm under Weehawken's lords. The Hoboken representative introduced the bill, and it was passed by the Legislature as the best joke of the session. He saw the point of it, however. Jersey City and Hoboken once consolidated the united forces could move down upon the water-front aborers and wrench the prize from their grasp. Hoboken would be only the Seventh ward of Jersey City, but prosperous.

Before she blots herself out let us just ponder what a sentimental loss Hoboken as an entity will be. It is almost seventy years since the busy, plotting Aaron Burr and the dignified statesman Alexander Hamilton went out one July morning to the Fields and settled their political differences over pistols and coffee. Hamilton was killed, and Burr might just as well have been. Over this ground, indeed, was it that many another duel was fought. But duelling moved further South, and occasionally the civilized prize fight took its place. The dog fight, too, had its day there. Signs of better times for Hoboken were looming up. New York was growing into the monster that it is, and in the interval between the time when the Battery was the Rotten Row of New York and the epoch marked by the opening of Central Park Hoboken was the place for promenades. Who that can look back for thirty years will not remember many a pleasant afternoon spent in strollings by the river side and over the Elysian Fields, or to the Sibyl's Cave and the dropping wells? Soft nothings were whispered, and as the sun went down and the moon rose young hearts beat in unison along the rustic paths. For many years it enjoyed its sentimental prosperity. On Sundays what crowds emigrated from New York to Hoboken to take in the fresh breeze! There went to live Louis Napoleon in his poor days, before his imperial crown looked a probability. He left behind him, it is said, a souvenir in the shape of an unpaid lodging bill. The great English cricketer came over and played there, and there on the fine afternoons New York developed the muscle of its youth in base ball. The evil days were hastening on. King Stevens was anxious to build up and settle the wastes. The mild demon of lager beer began his rule over Hoboken. It was rapidly becoming what New York once was, a Dutch town. As everybody came to Hoboken, and nearly everybody was thirsty, the Germans proposed to offer lager beer in canteens. Every resident was concerned in the beer trade, more or less, and fine poetry fled from that side of the Hudson. The gatherings that traversed the Elysian Fields were henceforth anything but select. The cheerful picnic was giving place to the afternoon's swilling. Crime set its red foot on the green fields. Murders started New York from what once was Elysium, and a free fight was the constant report from its bosky places. Darker suspicions flitted over the Fields. The beer trade was thriving and Hoboken growing, but the ever-vanishing Fields were obtaining a worse and worse reputation. It was thought to be a conclusive sign of Hoboken's demoralization when a Methodist church was dispossessed by the Corporation. It has ever since been thought that the chief cause of opposition to it was that it was not attached to a brewery. People, notwithstanding this questionable character, began to make Hoboken their residence as rents advanced in New York. About six years ago an event happened which made it more boery than ever. The Excise law which shut the front doors of the liquor stores in New York on Sundays did not interfere with the ferries, and Hoboken reaped a glorious harvest. The lager beer men there were wild with delight; Jersey lightning played around the heads of the thirsty and oceans of lager were guzzled. It was a natural law which about five cents a glass, and Elysium became Infernum at a leap. It was the Alsatia of thieves and robbers, and a murderous assault was expected weekly from Hoboken. Highway robbery was revived. The watchman at the ferry was murdered and thrown into the river. The knife and the pistol flashed and cracked triumphantly. The ocean steamers were making the water front their wharfing place. The city behind was growing, and all Hoboken's poetry was squeezed to death between bricks and mortar on one side and lager beer barrels on the other. Its respectable memory is only a name, and there need be little wonder that it wishes to efface its later notoriety by falling into the arms of Jersey City.

Hoboken has suffered from its relation to New York. There is, we believe, nothing absolutely demoralizing in the place itself. Henry Hindson found the Indians who lived there two hundred and sixty-four years ago a very superior class of people; but New York was then Manhattan only; the river was called the Guttenewick and the Chaholawack, and the redskins did not drink lager beer or apple-jack. If the Hobokenites vote themselves into Jersey City they will add some twenty-five thousand to the latter suburb of New York, and make a total for future Burnsteads to work upon of one hundred and twenty-five thousand souls. We can consent freely to the sacrifice, for if there is little for Hoboken to gain in character, there is certainly nothing to lose. Farewell, old Hoboken; commit suicide, and be happy.

The Presidency of the French Assembly.

The National Assembly of France proceeded to elect a President of the Assembly in succession to M. Gavry, yesterday. M. Louis Joseph Buffet was chosen by three hundred and four votes, against two hundred and eighty-five, which were cast for M. Martel. M. Buffet is an eminent statesman and an able financier. He is very wealthy, exceedingly influential and quite independent both in manner and address. He succeeded M. Magne as Minister of Finance. He belongs to the party of the Right, and was, years since, one of the leaders in the Corps Legislatif. He retired temporarily from public life after the perpetration of the coup d'etat—an act which excited his deepest detestation—and, on his reappearance in the electoral arena, defeated one of Napoleon's chosen candidates for a seat in the Legislature after a very violent contest. M. Buffet's election constitutes an important parliamentary event for France. The end of the Provisional Government is almost in sight. The national territory will soon be liberated from foreign military occupation. The present Assembly must remit its power to the people at an early day. A Constituent Assembly will follow. The complexion of its representation cannot be divined, but it is certain that M. Louis Joseph Buffet will exercise a very decided influence in the striking of the tint.

The Munster Member from Munster.

A few weeks ago there passed through this city on his homeward transatlantic way a young man who represents an Irish borough in the English Parliament. He had come here to broaden his ideas. He studied the country, the institutions and the people, and went home mentally broadened and refreshed. His name is Munster, and his borough is in Munster. He arrived in London too late to assist in the killing of the Irish University bill, but his brief American education pointed out how he could, nevertheless, produce a sensation. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an article on the part the Irish ultramontanes played in the matter, had attributed their opposition to a fear that the bill's passage would "cut the ground from under their Fenian agitations and their traffic in noisy disloyalty." Mr. Munster, in a long speech, complained of this attack on his loyalty, and thought it deserving of the censure of the House as a breach of privilege. Mr. Disraeli thought it was merely an attack on ultramontanes, and said it was first desirable to find out who the ultramontanes were. Then a great many members spoke and fumed about their loyalty and thought it was no joke. One member thought Disraeli's joke a splendid thing for the Irish Home Rulers, and altogether Mr. Munster raised a respectable rumpus over the paragraph in the *Pall Mall*. Mr. Gladstone at length came down and spread his wings over Munster and the *Gazette*, and appealed to the former to withdraw his motion. Many a young member of Parliament might envy this easy prominence of young Mr. Munster; but if they would only spend a few months in the United States they could be furnished with a whole bagful of similar sensational expedients. Then, too, the *Pall Mall* has apologized, and Munster's triumph is complete. Amid all this Parliamentary stir in London, where a sensation is created by crying "Fenian," it is worth asking whether there is not more than noisy disloyalty in Ireland, and whether shrewd conspirators are not laughing in their sleeves while Munster is fuming and Disraeli joking in the House.

THE MODOC DIFFICULTY is evidently approaching an end. Our special correspondent at the headquarters of General Canby seems to have little hope of a peaceful settlement. The troops are now in the lava beds and within a few miles of Captain Jack's position, so that, in the event of the failure of the Peace Commissioners in their pow wows with the Indians, the Boys in Blue will be prepared to settle the valiant warriors' land claim case in a summary manner. We may, therefore, shortly expect to hear of the collapse of the Modoc rebellion and the despatch of the braves to the happy hunting grounds or some other Indian reservation.

THE SIXTH AVENUE PROPERTY HOLDERS oppose the introduction of the elevated railway on their street, because, as they say, it will depreciate the value of real estate. The same plea, if admitted in this case, would exclude the improvement from each and all the other streets in the city. Where, then, are we to establish any line for rapid transit between Harlem and the Battery? Perhaps our Sixth avenue property holders can tell us.

LOOK OUT NOW FOR OUR CITY CHARTER.—Among the callers upon President Grant yesterday at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was the venerable Peter Cooper. There will be thunder soon all round the sky at Albany.

WHO COULD BELIEVE IT?—It appears that our Street Cleaning Bureau for the week ending March 29 removed 17,705 cart loads of dirt and 16,489 loads of ashes and garbage. That's something; yet, after all, 17,705 cart loads of dirt removed in one week, against 25,000 loads collecting in the streets, is not much headway. Within six months we shall be swamped in mud at this rate.

BLEAKLEY WAS INSANE, they say, when he killed Maud Merrill, and his counsel ask for time to send over to Ireland to prove it. Would not Australia, by way of Cape Horn, serve Mr. Bleakley just as well?

IN A BLAZE OF GLORY.—The late stormy session of the Jersey Legislature closed with a lively game of stickfights in the lobby. Why can't we have the stupid proceedings at Albany over our city charter varied by something of this kind? Where are our men of progress?

THE COLORED VOTERS in Philadelphia have organized for a political purpose. They declare that they must have a fair share of the spoils or they will abandon the republican

party. If they swing into the democratic party they will have a sumptuous feast so far as federal or State offices in Pennsylvania are concerned.

The Question of a Spuyten Duyvil Canal Before the Chamber of Commerce.

Occasionally the Chamber of Commerce shows some practical views with regard to the necessities and future of New York. At the last regular monthly meeting of that body, on Thursday, a report was presented for memorializing the Legislature to provide for the enlargement of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, in order to establish clear navigation between the East and North rivers, and asking for an appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars from the State for the purpose. On the suggestion of Mr. Ruggles the matter was referred to the Committee on Canals, with instructions to report at a special meeting on the 17th of April. We hope the Chamber of Commerce will not look at this proposition in any narrow or time-serving manner when it comes up for consideration, but will take a comprehensive view of it. There ought to be an immense ship canal, with the best docks, wharves and warehouses, all the way from the East River to the North River, and a concentration of all the railroads at that point, so that produce and merchandise could be discharged and shipped or reshipped at the smallest cost. The canal boats and cars and ocean vessels might then come close to and discharge into each other, or from and into warehouses that would rise from the water edge, as those at the docks of London and Liverpool do. The saving of time and expense would be immense, and no other city in the United States could then compete with New York in the cheap handling and shipping of produce and merchandise. But the work must be on a grand scale, having in view the wonderful future of this commercial metropolis and the Republic. We recommend the Chamber of Commerce to look at the question in this broad light and prepare for the future accordingly.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Wrange, the oldest Prussian Marshal, is paralyzed. Please as a candidate proved a flake at the election in St. Louis. Congressman L. P. Polant, of Vermont, is at the Grand Central Hotel. Judge A. H. Bailey, of Rome, N. Y., is staying at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Dr. Wm. O. Littlejohn, of Oswego, is registered at the Metropolitan Hotel. Colonel George Reed, of the United States Army, is at the Grand Central Hotel. Speaker A. B. Cornell reached the Fifth Avenue Hotel from Albany last evening. The last son of the celebrated Hungarian House of Gyaloi recently died in Vienna. United States Senator P. W. Hitchcock, of Nebraska, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Captain John Kennedy, of the steamship City of Montreal, is at the New York Hotel. Senator Sumner gains his strength very slowly. He will not return to Massachusetts until June. E. C. Banfill, Solicitor of the Treasury Department at Washington, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Ex-United States Attorney General B. H. Briggs, of Louisville, Ky., is staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Père Hyacinthe and the Bishop of Poitiers are each trying to abate the other in Geneva, Switzerland. Dr. William Gilliland, the Brooklyn Heights, goes by the St. Laurent this morning, with his family, to Europe. A six months' tour is intended. John L. Sanborn, a native of New Hampshire, and an able contributor to the daily and weekly press, died in St. Louis on the 30th ultimo. The ancient habitation in Raleigh, N. C., in which ex-President Andrew Johnson was born, has just been torn down to give place to local improvements. Local politics in Cincinnati must be getting into a frightful condition when the editors head their articles with such beligerent alliterations as "Guns, Gallows, Guillotines, Garote." Colonel W. H. Jennings, of the Khedive of Egypt, yesterday arrived at the New York Hotel. He has been for several weeks visiting his former home in Baltimore, and is now on his return to Egypt. Mr. Wm. F. Robinson should be invited to deliver his lecture some evening soon in the Cooper Institute. In this lecture he states that almost all the descendants of Benjamin Franklin, who are very numerous and embrace, by intermarriage, the distinguished American families of Bache, Markoe, Dallas, Duane, Mifflin, Patterson, Irwin, Emery, Abbott, Wainwright, McLane, Walker (Robert J.), &c., have Irish blood in their veins, some of them doubly Irish by descent. He also shows that all the leading denominations of religion—Presbyterian and Methodist, as well as Catholic—were founded in the United States by Irishmen and their sons. The press, the pulpit, the bar, the army, the navy, the stage, science, art and education in the United States, all have had their chief ornaments from the Irish element. Let us have a thorough investigation on the matter.

THE PRESIDENT.

Movements of General Grant Yesterday.—Mrs. Grant 10—Miss Nellie Grant Receiving Visitors.

The corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where President Grant is stopping, were yesterday a little more thronged than usual. There were sightseers from the country, who would have considered it a matter of great consequence not to be able to relate to their neighbors how they caught a glimpse of the President during their explorations of New York. But there were also denizens of the metropolis who were actuated by equally absurd motives—men who had been hangers-on in the throng that surges about St. James', and had copiously showered five-franc pieces upon couriers and guides to get a glimpse of continental royalty. These men who had lived at the Langham and the Grand hotels, had never visited Washington, and they were

ANXIOUS TO SEE A PRESIDENT of America. Besides these were the hangers-on of prominent political chiefs of New York—men who were anxious to measure each wave that might float them on to posterity. Altogether the gathering was a third larger than usual. At ten o'clock President Grant left the hotel to call upon a few personal and political friends. He returned at noon, and about one o'clock he came down the grand staircase attended by General Bache, his Secretary, Mr. Tom Murphy, Colonel J. P. Kendall and Colonel A. G. Gear, of Boston. The party descended to the basement of the hotel, where a very curious machine is in operation. It is an automatic stone cutter, operated by steam power, which turns out in a very few minutes work that would occupy a clever artisan for days. The inventor being

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE PRESIDENT when the operator had placed in General Grant's hands a piece of marble exquisitely chiseled by the diamond-pointed arm of the automaton even the proverbially staid face relaxed its muscles, and the President ejaculated, "Wonderful! The most wonderful machine I ever saw!" The party remained here less than an hour. Later the President received visitors in his parlors. AMONG THOSE WHO CALLED were Commodore Leroy, Secretary Fish, Thurlow Weed, Oliver Fisk, United States Marshal John Hoey, Dr. B. F. Crane and others. Mrs. Grant was indisposed during the day and received no visitors. Miss Nellie Grant received for both her mother and herself a large number of callers. At half-past five o'clock the President and General Hancock left the hotel in a carriage to dine with a friend and not return till a late hour in the evening. This morning the President and party will leave the Fifth Avenue Hotel for Pennsylvania. They are to stay until Monday at the residence of a friend near Philadelphia and then to journey to the capital.